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Bard

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Brought them all at once
to see the queen who was not
there to be seen

In the next dream
mine this time I walked
barefoot over scree
and glass painlessly
to a big auditorium
where I crouched
in an upstairs lobby talking
with a man in a wing
collar while his own
performance roared on
inside the crowded hall
packed with locals.

I heard only him,
he me, we talked calmly
without affect about
our lives, how parallel
tracks did finally meet.

And then there was snow.

Baffling. A whole life
going on in there
and we heard only
the murmur. A play
no more no less
interesting that what goes
on day by day in
what I call 'my' life
but likely has a better name.

I say 'my' dream too
no more mine than
the drone of an airplane
overhead right now
makes the pilot me.

1 August 2010

= = = = =

Sometimes one does everything wrong.
Open the gate. Leave the trees outside all night.
The man with the motormouth has no gas.
The smallest horse on the Wuerttemberg hillside
has the whole sky to himself. Love!
It's wonderful again, now that no one
falls in it. The children are asleep upstairs.
What would my life have been like if I'd lived it?
Tenderness. Like a boiled carrot. Or the moon.

1 August 2010

INTERPRETATION OF THE DAWN

Who needs Spain? Every road
is white in moonlight. Every cock
crows on the dungheap, on the roofbeam
of the henhouse. Every animal is looking at you.

Who needs mirrors? You stand
in front of your lover's house at midnight
afraid to call out, afraid of the neighbors,
afraid your lover will come out after all

naked or in pale clothes but your lover's
eyes will be closed, you still can't call,
your lover will just stand there like moonlight
and you'll turn your back and run away.

1 August 2010

AVES

Some birds have long pointy beaks
most birds have skinny legs
miracles of balance when they stand or perch
sometimes they fall. The ones
with long leaks pry into things
sea sand wood rot loose soil
they are doing what we do when we eat
but they are elegant and neat at it.
We see the beak probing the head bobbing
the legs stiling along the beach calm
as Spinoza reading a book looks
up from time to time to taste the mot juste.

1 August 2010

= = = = =

Every now and then
still ready to begin.
Etudes. Bagatelles.
Opus 111 long ago
now, he gazes at some
distant circumstance
while his hands
left to themselves
play tunes he can't hear.
Hearing would only
be a distraction from
that far-off thing.

1 August 2010

LAMMAS 2010

Come for the harvest

stay for the corn.

Herbsttag. Every stook

has a fish stuck

deep beneath it

to begin.

How we feed.

But this is end.

Time now fear

turns into talk

and talk to law.

Religion, rules

about food.

Our doubts dis-

guised as the sky.

2 August 2010

= = = = =

No ag no hunt
just gather.
How many of us
could there be?
And what could we
achieve? Or is the
very idea of achieving
a carnivorous idea?
What is the matter
with just being?
Isn't ordinary being
where the sages
try to lead us again,
old men in the woods
eating tree ears and fruit,
passing down to generations
nothing but a smile?
But what a smile!

2 August 2010

THE SITUATION

I'm in a strange place, Psyche.

I want to freud the girl

and adler the man

and jung myself to sleep with dreams.

2 August 2010

REMEDIIUM

The father in uniform
the mother in tears
the little boy hits
his sister to distract
them both from pain
by simple hurt.

2 August 2010

HUCKLEBERRIES

So because you ordered two rose plants
there came along in the mail a free packet
of huckleberry seeds. As if planting
were some weird kind of pleasure.
They're good for making a kind of pie
my father loved but I don't much like,
too sweet, too dense, too berry-y.
And yet they're free, they're here,
I read their name on the back: *Solanum*
melanocerasum. It makes me think
of deadly nightshade and sweet black
cherries. So I'll plant the name
deep in my mind and see what comes up.

2 August 2010

= = = = =

(Dreamt text)

"I recall you killed
a little person
by the window
sill,

 a bird
I think it was,
the glass hit it
and it fell

but you owned
the house,
you owned the fault."

3 August 2010

(In dream I heard someone saying these words to me, just as written, sadly blaming me.)

= = = = =

There were ridges
between each and each
nestled some town
in its narrow glen
some had factories
some had schools
one a college one a lake

was this enough
to make a man?
in towns like these
the clocks are full of honey
girls dance with other girls
in the Methodist church hall
and I get married
again and again
does that make me a man
or anyone or anything

they have names like
towns in famous countries
girls dance with girls
in the Catholic basement
there are no Jews

the clocks run slow
the streetlights
are always amber
no one is out at night
fish tremble in the reservoir

of course we have winter
and we suffer so girls
dance with girls in parkas
in padded Chinese coats
with earmuffs with cigarettes

how to make it run again
the priest on crutches
sprained ankle at the golf
I use the old words
in hopes it all might
start again go different
nobody knows

I hate not knowing
but knowing me
I'd hate much more
knowing what I suspect
is there to be known

there are ridges
religions names a huge
misery shaped exactly
like a basketball court
in cement in cyclone fences
floodlights on midnight
empty nobody there
how can I start again?

3 August 2010

I AM MERLIN STILL BEGUILED

but she has so many forms
and each one slays me
back to life again
into a noisy quietude

where bad songs rise and memory
has its own harsh way with my mind—
or mind is not and memory is all
and I feel again what once I touched

till all sinks down in moss and reverie
autumn lasts all year long
or is this still my first long
hidden in the flanks and roots of ancient trees?

3 August 2010

= = = = =

Loaf up the steep little hill
to the white Monopteros—
sitting on the marble steps
you do drugs and see Alps

the air of any city
is smoky with desires,
all the distances
smogged over by local
wants fulfilled
or forgotten by dawn

then the sky clears.
The Alps form no idea
of us beholding them
yet underneath in caverns
lost to the mapmakers
Ancient Personalities
hang out and bide their time.

They see you squatting there
addled under the pretty
Grecian temple watching
pale sunbathers far below.

Birds of the woodpecker
family walk down tree trunks
everybody has a right
to be here somebody
nearby has a guitar
but gets a lot of dirty looks.

Silence. Music
is for down there.
Up here we have all been
swallowed by the mind,
the long dream of knowing
something or other.
If before you finally nod off
you fall in love just hope
its with the blue haze out there
keeps you safe from the distances.

3 August 2010